

The SWORD of the LORD

Edited by JOHN R. RICE.

"And they cried, The Sword of the Lord, and of Gideon." Judges 7:20

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The Greatest Sentence That Was Ever Written

By Dr. R. A. Torrey
World-Wide Evangelist, Associate of D. L. Moody,
Died 1928

"God is love."—I John 4:8.

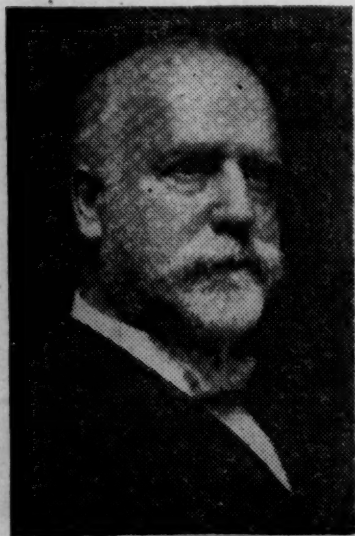
My subject is the greatest sentence that was ever written. Of course, that sentence is in the Bible. All the greatest sentences are in the one Book. The Bible has a way of putting more in a single sentence than other writers can put in a whole book. Yet there are some who would tell us that the Bible is no more God's Book than other books. Either they have not read the Bible, or they have read it with their eyes closed.

This sentence has in it but three words. Each word is a monosyllable. One word has four letters, one three, and one only two; yet these nine letters, forming three monosyllables, contain so much of truth that the world has been pondering it for eighteen centuries, and has not gotten to the bottom of it yet. Whole volumes are dedicated to the exposition of this wonderful sentence—thousands of volumes.

First John 4:8 says, "God is love." That is the greatest sentence that was ever written. That sentence is the keynote of the mission that begins today. Everything that you will hear in song or in word for the next four weeks in this mission revolves round that one central truth, "God is love." That sums up the whole contents of the Bible. If I were asked for a sentence to print in letters of gold on the outside of our Bible, a sentence that summed up the whole contents of the Book, it would be this one, "God is Love." That is the subject of the first chapter of Genesis; it is the subject of the last chapter of Revelation, and it is the subject of every chapter that lies in between.

The Bible is simply God's love story, the story of the love of a holy God to a sinful world. That is the most amazing thing in the Bible. People tell us the Bible is full of things that it is impossible to believe. I know of nothing else so impossible to believe as that a holy God should love a sinful world, and should love such individuals as you and me, as the Bible says He does. But impossible as it is to believe, it is true. There is mighty power in that one short sentence, power to break the hardest heart, power to reach individual men and women who are sunk down in sin, and to lift them up until they are fit for a place beside the Lord Jesus Christ upon the throne.

When Mr. Moody organized the church in Chicago, of which I am



Dr. R. A. Torrey

pastor, he was so anxious that everybody should always hear this one truth, and was so afraid that some preacher might come and forget to tell it, that he had it put on the gas jets right above the pulpit, so that the first thing you would see when you went in there on an evening was that text shining out in letters of fire.

One stormy night, before the time of the meeting, the door stood ajar. A man partly intoxicated saw it open, and thought he might go in and get warm. He did not know what sort of a place it was, but when he pushed the door open he saw the text blazing out, "God is love." He pulled the door to, and walked away muttering to himself. He said, "God

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The Christian who lays down this body of clay is



(As preached in Cornerstone Baptist Church, Cambridge, Massachusetts, Jan. 29, 1956.)

"FOR WE KNOW THAT IF OUR EARTHLY HOUSE OF THIS TABERNACLE WERE DISSOLVED, WE HAVE A BUILDING OF GOD, AN HOUSE NOT MADE WITH HANDS, ETERNAL IN THE HEAVENS. FOR IN THIS WE GROAN, EARNESTLY DESIRING TO BE CLOTHED UPON WITH OUR HOUSE WHICH IS FROM HEAVEN: IF SO BE THAT BEING CLOTHED WE SHALL NOT BE FOUND NAKED. FOR WE THAT ARE IN THIS TABERNACLE DO GROAN, BEING BURDENED: NOT FOR THAT WE WOULD BE UNCLOTHED, BUT CLOTHED UPON, THAT MORTALITY MIGHT BE SWALLOWED UP OF LIFE."—II Cor. 5:1-4.

In the far-famed Santa Clara Valley of California, not far from San Jose, in the midst of a great orchard, there stands what is reputed to be the largest house in the world. Started in 1890 by a Mrs. Winchester as an ordinary but pleasant country home, it has been altered and added to until it covers over fourteen acres of ground. Apartment after apartment, room after room, chamber after chamber has been added.

There is a labyrinth of stairways and passages and windows and blind doors, and the uninitiated, once left inside, would have a very difficult time finding his way out. The owner was under the obsession that as long as she kept building her house, she herself would not die.

But one day death came to that fabulous place and found his way up those strange staircases and down the labyrinth of passages and halls to the blue room where she lay, and he said, "It's time to go." For the fate of all earthly buildings is decay. Paul says, "We have a tabernacle"—a tent, in which we live; and the fate of all human tents is the same. Inevitably it must go; and the question which arises in the human mind is, "Is this all? Are we just toys, tossed on the sea of time, to be smashed on the rocks of eternity, or is there a beyond? Is there a reason for living? Is there something after death?"

Robert Ingersoll, that brilliant though misguided infidel, stood at the grave of his only brother and in the company of a few mourners

lifted up his voice and said, "Life is a narrow vale between the cold and barren peaks of two eternities. We cry aloud and the only answer is the echo of our wailing cry." But the Apostle Paul, writing with a pen dipped in the inspiration of the Holy Spirit, says, "For we know that if our earthly tent were dissolved, we have a temple of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." And notice how he writes it: "We know." There is no doubt about it.

Look with me this morning, first of all, at that tent which he

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Rev. George E. Gardiner

Dr. Billy Graham on Storehouse Tithing

Famous Evangelist Says of Giver Who Does Not Put All of Tithe Through Church:

1. "To whom is he responsible? To you or to God?"
2. "Suppose . . . he gave all his tithes into your particular church. It could possibly be a blessing: it could also hurt your church."
3. "Asking God to lead you to contribute as you should. Then ask God to lead the others in the congregation in the same way and leave it at that."

By the Editor

Should a Christian bring all his tithes to the local church? So some people teach. They take Malachi 3:10, "Bring ye all the tithes into the storehouse," which was written to Jews and refers to the temple treasury at Jerusalem, for the support of all the priests, and they apply this Scripture to New Testament Christians as it was never meant in the Bible. God does not now have one storehouse as they had then from which all the priests and workers are to be supported. If so, the Catholics would be right. But the Catholics are wrong, and those who teach storehouse tithing are wrong. God does not now require Christians to bring all the tithes to the local church treasury.

On the contrary, I Corinthians 16:1, 2 says, "Now concerning the collection for the saints, as I have given order to the churches of Galatia, even so do ye. Upon the first day of the week let every one of you lay by him in store, as God hath prospered him, that there be no gatherings when I come."

Christians are to take out their gifts for God, each one according "as God hath prospered him." But it is not demanded that he put it in the church treasury. Rather,

he is commanded, "Upon the first day of the week let every one of you lay by him in store . . ." Every Christian is to take out God's part and to put it aside "by him." Then out of this amount he has set aside for God, he can give as God leads him. That is God's New Testament plan.

God's plan for New Testament Christians is "Every man according as he purposed in his heart, so let him give; not grudgingly, or of necessity . . ." (II Cor. 9:7).

Every Christian is accountable to God. Every Christian must give as his own heart is led of God to give. No pope, no denominational secretary, no pastor, no priest, no committee can decide for a Christian where he is to give the money which God has put in his hand. "The tithe is the Lord's," and God has



Dr. Billy Graham

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The Value of a Thorn

"Lest I should be exalted above measure through the abundance of the revelations, there was given to me a thorn in the flesh, the messenger of Satan to buffet me, lest I should be exalted above measure."

—II Cor. 12:7

STRANGE GIFT INDEED! A thorn to prick,
To pierce into the very quick,
To cause perpetual sense of pain;
Strange gift—and yet, 'twas given for gain.
Unwelcome, yet it came to stay,
Nor could it e'en be prayed away.
It came to fill its God-planned place.
A life-enriching means of grace.

God's grace-thorns—oh, what forms they take;
What piercing, smarting pain they make!
And yet, each one in love is sent,
And always just for blessing meant.
And so, whate'er thy thorn may be
From God, accept it willingly;
But reckon Christ, His Life, His power
To keep in thy most trying hour.

And sure, thy life will richer grow;
He grace sufficient will bestow.
And, in heav'n's morn, thy joy 'twill be
That, by His thorn, He strengthened thee.

J. DANSON SMITH

Questions Answered by The Editor

"What did Jesus mean by 'take up thy cross daily'?"

In Luke 9:23 when Jesus said, "If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross daily, and follow me," He meant that every day a Christian should surrender his own will to God's will and lay himself on the altar to live or die at God's pleasure, just as Jesus gave Himself up to die on the cross. Paul said, "I die daily," by which he meant that every day he condemned his own will and his own self to death, and that he was willing at any moment to lay down his life for Jesus because he had already given it up that day. We are not our own. We are bought with a price. Therefore we ought to live as a living sacrifice, offered for Jesus, either to live for Him or to die for Him.

And of course even though we live, the old self is mortified and self must be given up to die daily. By which I mean that we give up our own way and the things that we think we want to do to make us happy, in order that Christ may live and have His way, instead of our way.

"Are self-consciousness, reserve, and fear sins?"

Whatever is not of faith is sin. It may be that fear comes from lack of faith. I do not know that self-consciousness does. Since the Bible does not name self-consciousness as a sin, I do not regard it as such. I think fearfulness and self-consciousness may be a part of the curse of sin on the whole race, but I am not always able to connect it with sin on the part of the individual. I think we would be much safer if we would make no statements about sin that we cannot prove by the Bible. More and more as we learn to trust in the Lord and abide in Him, we will have perfect peace and the love of God that casts out fear, but the whole subjective attitude of mind of being occupied with one's self, with morbid self-examination is, it seems to me, spiritually unhealthy. It is good to take pains to do right, but it is much better to be occupied with soul winning and active study of the Word of God and blessing in helping others to be spiritually happy than in trying to label this or that in our self-conscious nature.

"If Eve had not taken of the fruit, would we have sin in the world today?"

It is true that sin came into the world through Eve and Adam. However, if Eve had not sinned in that particular matter, it seems likely that the freedom of the will

Dr. Billy Graham on . . . Tithing

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clearly commanded each Christian to prayerfully purpose in his own heart and give cheerfully. No storehouse tithing is taught for New Testament Christians in the Bible.

Dr. Billy Graham Says That to Bring All the Tithes Into the Storehouse Might Hurt the Church

In the *Seattle Post-Intelligencer* for April 30 this year, Dr. Billy Graham had his column, "My Answer." The subtitle said, "Pray for Your Neighbor; Don't Just Judge Him."

Here is the question Dr. Billy Graham answered:

"There is a man in our church who is very wealthy. But, as far as I can see, he leaves the main financial responsibilities of the church on some of us poor people. Is that right?—J.W."

Then Dr. Billy Graham answers as follows:

"Many wealthy people give large sums to help in the work of God's Kingdom about which the people around them know nothing. In this case you are apparently judging a Christian brother because he does not give in the place and in the way you think he should. To whom is he responsible? To you, or to God?"

"Let us suppose for a minute that he gave all of his tithes into your particular church. It could possibly be a blessing: it could also hurt your local congregation, making others depend on him rather than on their own giving. I am in no position to know the situation as it actually exists, but I do know that all of us are inclined to feel we can best advise others as to their benevolent giving."

"Let me suggest that your own problem may be met by asking God to give you the heart to contribute as you should. Then, ask Him to lead the others in the congregation in the same way and leave it at that."

"Finally, pray for this one about whom you are writing. Ask God to give him a vision of the needs of the world and a liberal heart and mind to meet those needs as God has blessed him. Above all, stop sitting in judgment on your neighbor—pray for him."

We are specially anxious for people to note the principle stated here by Dr. Billy Graham.

which God gave man and the temptation to evil which the Devil puts about people would have led to sin in some other way. God wants only voluntary service. It would not give God any pleasure to have human beings to be like a phonograph record, saying, "I love the Lord," "I love the Lord." There could be no mind, heart, conscience, and will that go to make up a human being if one were not free so he could sin.

We must remember that one is lost only because of his own sin. First Corinthians 15:22 teaches that Adam's sin is already paid for.

1. It is wrong to judge a Christian brother who does not bring all his tithes to the local church. Dr. Graham properly says, "To whom is he responsible? To you, or to God?" Dr. Graham is right. Every Christian is directly accountable to Jesus Christ, and no one else can settle for him where he should give his tithe.

2. Dr. Graham says that for one to give all his tithes into the local church treasury "could also hurt your local congregation." Yes, it is not always right for a Christian to put all his tithes into a local church. Oftentimes it might hurt the local congregation. At other times, it would teach people legalism without praying about their giving, and without trying to please Christ, or without putting the money where it will honor God. Sometimes it makes a man or woman support modernism when they put all their tithes in a local church. Everyone must pray about it. It could do harm, Dr. Graham says, to put all the tithes in the local church.

3. Dr. Graham then teaches another great truth, that everybody should pray about his giving. You should pray about your own giving and ask God to lead others to pray about their giving and "leave it at that," Dr. Graham says.

That is a great principle—pray about your giving. And give as God leads you, and not as denominational leaders say.

Of course Dr. Graham believes, as all of us do, that Christians ought to support their local church or get out of it. If your church is sound, you ought to support it. If your pastor is a godly and devoted man of God, you ought to support him. But the pastor is not God, and the church has no right to take the place of God. And everybody must decide how much of his tithe should go to the local church, and how much to some other cause. And no Christian should ever give his money anywhere it would not honor God. No Christian has a right to support modernism. A Christian is forbidden in the Bible even to bid a modernist Godspeed, and every time he does, he becomes a partaker of the infidel's or modernist's evil deeds (II John 7-11).

Great Baptist Leaders Stood Out Against the Unscriptural Principle of So-called Storehouse Tithing

Since Dr. Billy Graham is a Southern Baptist, it is interesting to note that the greatest theologians among Southern Baptists have taken a strong stand on the right of the individual conscience what to give or where to give, to worship, to serve, to give, every man according to his own individual conscience, subject to the lordship of Jesus Christ alone.

Dr. E. Y. Mullins, long president of Southern Baptist Seminary at Louisville, president of the Baptist World Alliance, said, "The voluntary principle is the heart of the Scripture teaching as to the individual and as to local churches . . ." (*Baptist Beliefs*).

In my book, *All About Christian Giving*, in chapter 9 I show how every individual Christian is to make Jesus Christ Lord of his life and let Him control his tithes and offerings, how so-called storehouse tithing makes Jesus Christ second to men, to denominations and programs, and how the lordship of Jesus Christ makes the enlightened individual conscience the final judge of Christian duty. I remind readers that "the right of private judgment," that is, the right of an individual to read the Bible for himself and to decide for himself what is the will of God; the right of an individual to come to God directly through Christ and not through the church or through priests to be saved; the right of the individual to serve, worship, and give according to his own enlightened conscience—that principle of private judgment was the principle of the Reformation as contrasted with the authoritarian dictatorship of the church of Rome. Then I quote from Dr. B. H. Carroll and Dr. George W. Truett at length. I think the reader, in examining Dr. Billy Graham's statements that it

Not to Venezuela, but to Japan

By Editor John R. Rice

On the urgent insistence of a number of missionaries in Japan, including Don Hoke, President of Japan Christian College; Fred Jarvis, and Kenny Joseph, I am making plans to spend about three weeks in Japan and Korea in July and August. I will speak at a conference of Japanese pastors, will spend one week speaking to the annual conference of evangelical missionaries which it is expected that hundreds of missionaries will attend. I am invited also to spend a few days in Korea with Missionary Tom Watson and the new Christian radio station in Seoul, and to speak perhaps to the American armed services.

This invitation, first given in January, 1955, has been insistently renewed and I feel led of God to

accept. I am sad that this will make it impossible for me to attend the Youth for Christ Eighth World Congress on Evangelism at Caracas, Venezuela, but Youth for Christ leaders, because of the tremendous opportunities in Japan, have consented to this change of plans.

The overseas trip will cost, we think, over one thousand dollars. We do not have it at hand and trust that God will put it into the hearts of some to invest money in this revival and missionary effort. If you feel so impressed you may send an offering especially designated for the editor's missionary trip to Japan. Address: Editor John R. Rice, 214 West Wesley Street, Wheaton, Illinois.

would sometimes be wrong to put all the tithe in the church treasury, that every Christian must decide for himself without the judgment of others where to give, and that every person should pray about where and how much to give, will be interested in what these great Southern Baptist leaders said on this principle. I quote from *All About Christian Giving*, pages 126-131 as follows:

Dr. B. H. Carroll States "The First Principle of New Testament Law"

If my friends of other faiths will bear with me, I want to quote here two great Baptist leaders, Dr. B. H. Carroll and Dr. George W. Truett. In this matter of religious freedom, Baptists are at the very opposite pole from Roman Catholics. They not only teach freedom from the pope, but they teach that every local church should be free and independent. They teach that every local church should decide its own doctrinal stand, should call its own pastor, should own its own property, should cooperate with other groups of Christians only by its own determination. They reject infant baptism, insisting that each person must believe for himself, be baptized for himself, decide Christian duty for himself, on the basis of the Word of God. Hence Baptists in other years have been more vocal on this great doctrine of Christian liberty and of the individual accountability to God than people of most other faiths have been. Therefore, because of the tremendous application of their arguments and reasons to this question, I quote these two giants of the faith.

Dr. B. H. Carroll, who was founder and first president of the Southwestern Baptist Theological Seminary, Fort Worth, Texas, and who was, by all odds, the most influential theologian Southern Baptists ever had, wrote a book, *Baptists and Their Doctrines*, published by Fleming H. Revell, copyright 1913. It is now out of print. Hear now what this great man has to say about the freedom of the individual Christian. Under the doctrine of individuality, he says:

"This New Testament law of Christianity segregates the individual from his own family, from society with all its customs and requirements, from race and nationality, from caste, however exclusive, from all governmental control or intimidations, from all the bonds of friendship, though dear as the tie between David and Jonathan or Damon and Pythias, then isolates him from every external influence, strips him of every artificial distinction arising from wealth or poverty or social status, and then shuts him up in an exclusive circle alone with God, who is no respecter of persons, and there demands of his naked and solitary personality a voluntary surrender of his will to God's will and an immediate response of obedience to all its demands. There are no sponsors, or proxies. Enforced or insincere obedience counts nothing at all. The sole responsibility of decision and action rests di-

rectly on the individual soul. Each one must give account of himself to God. This is the first principle of New Testament law—to bring each naked soul face to face with God."

Again Dr. Carroll says:

"How often in history has the question been propounded by some wishing to shun personal responsibility! May I not refer this matter to the magistrates? May I not consult the customs of my country? May I not seek the guidance of my priest and put on him the responsibility of interpreting this book? Nay, verily. Do thou interpret. It is God's letter to thy soul. Thy right of private judgment is the crown jewel of thy humanity. Sometimes even Baptists falter on this point. I have heard one of them excuse himself from an acknowledged duty of cooperation in missions, because his church was opposed to the mission work. Not even thy church can absolve thee from individual duty. Churches are time organizations and are punished in time. They do not stand before the great white throne of judgment. But thy soul shall appear before the Judge. Well did our Lord know that there could be no evangelization of the world if, ancestors, families, customs, government, commerce and priests could stand between the individual soul and God."

Please note that Dr. Carroll mentions this very matter of Christian giving. Someone appealed to Dr. Carroll that he felt he ought not to give to the support of certain missionaries because his local church was opposed to that mission work. But Dr. Carroll insisted, "Not even thy church can absolve thee from individual duty. Churches are time organizations and are punished in time. They do not stand before the great white throne of judgment. But thy soul shall appear before the Judge." Dr. Carroll is saying that every Christian will give an account to God for the way he gives his money, and that he will not be able to put the blame upon a church treasurer, upon a budget, upon a board of deacons, upon a finance committee, upon denominational leaders. That matter of where and how one gives his money is not to be settled by the church, says Dr. Carroll, but by the individual Christian and the Christian must come to the judgment seat of Christ to give an account for that giving!

Then speaking of freedom of conscience, Dr. Carroll says:

"This follows from individual responsibility. If one be responsible for himself, there must be no restraint or constraint of his conscience. Neither parent, nor government, nor church, may usurp the prerogative of God as Lord of the conscience."

The freedom of conscience is not to be violated by the government, says Dr. Carroll, and exactly so, it is not to be violated by the church!

Dr. Carroll reminds us that the (Continued on page 5)



AMERICA'S OUTSTANDING REVIVAL WEEKLY

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The story takes place in the foothills of the Canadian Rockies in the 1880's, in and around the little mining and lumber village of Black Rock. Leslie Graeme is lumber camp manager, Ralph Connor, artist, visits him. Both, still unconverted, are greatly drawn to the serious young preacher, Mr. Craig. A temperance league with signed pledges is formed. Later new converts organize the little Presbyterian church. But Slavin, the saloonkeeper, traps many of the new converts into drinking and the temperance league is broken. Billy Breen, a converted drunkard, is led to drink again and dies. In revenge, Graeme, Connor, and some others pour out the liquor in the saloon and wreck it.

CHAPTER IX.

THE LEAGUE'S REVENGE

As we stood outside of Craig's shack in the dim starlight we could not hide from ourselves that we were beaten. It was not so much grief as a blind fury that filled my heart, and looking at the faces of the men about me I read the same feeling there. But what could we do? The yells of carousing miners down at Slavin's told us that nothing could be done with them that night. To be so utterly beaten, and unfairly, and with no chance of revenge, was maddening.

"I'd like to get back at 'em," said Abe, carefully repressing himself.

"I've got it, men," said Graeme suddenly. "This town does not require all the whisky there is in it." And he unfolded his plan. It was to gain possession of Slavin's saloon and the bar of the Black Rock Hotel, and clear out all the liquor to be found in both these places. I did not much like the idea; and Geordie said:

"I'm ga'en aifter the lad. I'll hae naethin' tae dae wi' yon. It's no' that easy, an' it's a sinfu' waste."

But Abe was wild to try it and Shaw was quite willing, while old Nelson sternly approved.

"Nelson, you and Shaw get a couple of our men and attend to the saloon. Slavin and the whole gang are up at the Black Rock, so you won't have much trouble; but come to us as soon as you can."

And so we went our ways.

Then followed a scene the like of which I can never hope to see again, and it was worth a man's seeing. But there were times that night when I wished I had not agreed to follow Graeme in his plot.

As we went up to the hotel I asked Graeme:

"What about the law of this?"

"Law!" he replied indignantly. "They haven't troubled much about law in the whisky business here. They get a keg of high wine and some drugs and begin operations. No!" he went on; "if we can get the crowd out and ourselves in we'll make them break the law in getting us out. The law won't trouble us over smuggled whisky. It will be a great lark, and they won't crow too loud over the league."

I did not like the undertaking at first, but as I thought of the whole wretched illegal business flourishing upon the weakness of the men in the mines and camps, whom I had learned to regard as brothers, and especially as I thought of the cowards that did for Nixon, I let my scruples go and determined, with Abe, "to get back at 'em."

We had no difficulty getting them out. Abe began to yell. Some men rushed out to learn the cause. He seized the foremost man, making a hideous uproar all the while, and in three minutes had every man out of the hotel and a lively row going on.

In two minutes more Graeme and I had the door to the ball-room locked and barricaded with empty casks. We then closed the door of the bar-room leading to the outside. The bar-room was a strongly built log shack, with a heavy door secured, after the manner of the early cabins, with two strong oak bars, so that we felt safe from attack from that quarter.

The ball-room we could not hold long, for the door was slight and entrance was possible through the windows. But as only a few casks of liquor were left there, our main work would be in the bar, so that the fight would be to hold the passageway. This we barricaded with casks and tables. But by this time the crowd had begun to realize what had happened and were wildly yelling at doors and windows. With an ax which Graeme had brought with him the casks were soon stove in and left to empty themselves.

As I was about to empty the last cask Graeme stopped me, saying: "Let that stand here. It will help us." And so it did. "Now skip for the barricade," yelled Graeme as a man came crashing through the window. Before he could regain his feet, however, Graeme had seized him and flung him out upon the heads of the crowd outside. But through the other windows men were coming in, and Graeme rushed for the barricade, followed by two of the enemy, the foremost of whom I received at the top and hurled back upon the others.

"Now, be quick!" said Graeme. "I'll hold this. Don't break any bottles on the floor—throw them out there," pointing to a little window high up in the wall.

I made all haste. The casks did not take much time, and soon the whisky and beer were flowing over the floor. It made me think of Geordie's regret over the "sinfu' waste." The bottles took longer, and glancing up now and then I saw that Graeme was being hard pressed. Men would leap, two and three at a time, upon the barricade, and Graeme's arms would shoot out, and over they would topple upon the heads of those nearest. It was a great sight to see him standing alone with a smile on his face and the light of battle in his eye, coolly meeting his assailants with those terrific, lightning-like blows. In fifteen minutes my work was done.

"What next?" I asked. "How do we get out?"

"How is the door?" he replied.

I looked through the port-hole and said:

"A crowd of men waiting."

"We'll have to make a dash for it, I fancy," he replied cheerfully, though his face was covered with blood and his breath was coming in short gasps.

"Get down the bars and be ready."

But even as he spoke a chair hurled from below caught him on the arm, and before he could recover a man had cleared the barricade and was upon him like a tiger. It was Idaho Jack.

"Hold the barricade," Graeme called out as they both went down.

I sprang to his place, but I had not much hope of holding it long. I had the heavy oak bar of the door in my hands, and swinging it round my head I made the crowd give back for a few moments.

Meantime Graeme had shaken off his enemy, who was circling about him upon his tiptoes with a long knife in his hand, waiting for a chance to spring.

"I have been waiting for this for some time, Mr. Graeme," he said, smiling.

"Yes," replied Graeme, "ever since I spoiled your cut-throat game in 'Frisco. How is the little one?" he added sarcastically.

Idaho's face lost its smile and became distorted with fury as he replied, spitting out his words:

"She—is—where you will be before I am done with you."

"Ah! you murdered her too! You'll hang some beautiful day, Idaho," said Graeme as Idaho sprang upon him.

Graeme dodged his blow and caught his forearm with his left hand and held up high the murderous knife. Back and forward they swayed over the floor, slippery with whisky, the knife held high in the air. I wondered why Graeme did not strike, and then I saw his right hand hung limp from the wrist. The men were crowding upon the barricade. I was in despair. Graeme's strength was going fast. With a yell of exultant fury Idaho threw himself with all his weight upon Graeme, who could only cling to him. They swayed together toward me, but as they fell I brought down my bar upon the upraised hand and sent the knife flying across the room. Idaho's howl of rage and pain was mingled with a shout from below, and there, dashing the crowd to right and left, came old Nelson, followed by Abe, Sandy, Baptiste, Shaw, and others. As they reached the barricade it crashed down and, carrying me with it, pinned me fast.

Looking out between the barrels, I saw what froze my heart with horror. In the fall Graeme had wound his arms about his enemy and held him in a grip so deadly that he could not strike; but Graeme's strength was failing, and when I looked I saw that Idaho was slowly dragging both across the slippery floor to where the knife lay. Nearer and nearer his outstretched fingers came to the knife. In vain I yelled and struggled. My voice was lost in the awful din and the barricade held me fast. Above me, standing on a barrel-head, was Baptiste, yelling like a demon. In vain I called to him. My fingers could just reach his foot, and he heeded not at all my touch. Slowly Idaho was dragging his almost unconscious victim toward the knife. His fingers were touching the blade point, when, under a sudden inspiration, I pulled out my penknife, opened it with my teeth, and drove the blade into Baptiste's foot. With a blood-curdling yell he sprang down and began dancing round in his rage, peering among the barrels.

"Look! look!" I was calling in agony and pointing. "For Heaven's sake, look, Baptiste!"

The fingers had closed upon the knife, the knife was already high in the air, when, with a shriek, Baptiste cleared the room at a bound, and before the knife could fall, the little Frenchman's boot had caught the uplifted wrist and sent the knife flying to the wall.

Then there was a great rushing sound as of wind through the forest, and the lights went out. When I awoke I found myself lying with my head on Graeme's knees and Baptiste sprinkling snow on my face. As I looked up Graeme leaned over me, and, smiling down into my eyes, he said:

"Good boy! It was a great fight, and we put it up well," and then he whispered: "I owe you my life, my boy."

His words thrilled my heart through and through, for I loved him as only men can love men: but I only answered:

"I could not keep them back."

"It was well done," he said; and I felt proud.

I confess I was thankful to be so well out of it, for Graeme got off with a bone in his wrist broken and I with a couple of ribs cracked; but had it not been for the open barrel of whisky which kept them occupied for a time, offering too good a chance to be lost, and for the timely arrival of Nelson, neither of us had ever seen the light again.

We found Craig sound asleep upon his couch. His consternation on waking to see us torn, bruised, and bloody was laughable: but he hastened to find us warm water and bandages, and we soon felt comfortable.

Baptiste was radiant with pride and light over the fight and hovered about Graeme and me, giving vent to his feelings in admiring French and English expletives. But Abe was disgusted because of the failure at Slavin's; for when Nelson looked in he saw Slavin's French-Canadian wife in charge, with her baby on her lap, and he came back to Shaw and said, "Come away; we can't touch this;" and Shaw, after looking in, agreed that nothing could be done. A baby held the fort.

As Craig listened to the account of the fight he tried hard not to approve, but he could not keep the gleam out of his eyes; and as I pictured Graeme dashing back the crowd thronging the barricade till he was brought down by the chair, Craig laughed gently and put his hand on Graeme's knee. And as I went on to describe my agony while Idaho's fingers were gradually nearing the knife, his face grew pale and his eyes grew wide with horror.

"Baptiste, here, did the business," I said, and the little Frenchman nodded complacently and said:

"Dat's me for sure."

"By the way, how is your foot?" asked Graeme.

"He's fuss rate. Dat's 'what you call—one bite of—of—dat leel bees. He's dere, you put your finger dere, he's not dere—what you call him?"

"Flea!" I suggested.

"Oui!" cried Baptiste. "Dat's one bite of flea."

"I was thankful I was under the barrels," I replied, smiling.

"Oui! Dat's mak' me ver' mad. I jump an' swear mos' awful bad. Dat's pardon me, M'sieu Craig, heh?"

But Craig only smiled at him rather sadly.

"It was awfully risky," he said to Graeme, "and it was hardly worth it. They'll get more whisky, and anyway the league is gone."

"Well," said Graeme with a sigh of satisfaction, "it is not quite such a one-sided affair as it was."

And we could say nothing in reply, for we could hear Nixon

(Continued on page 5)

Book Reviews

BOOK REVIEWS IN THIS COLUMN WILL USUALLY BE BY JUDGES OF THE SWORD BOOK CLUB AND WILL BE SIGNED.

BOOK REVIEWS

SWEETER THAN HONEY by V. Raymond Edman, Scripture Press, Chicago, Illinois. 88 pages, \$1.50.

A book of beauty and sweetness. The quiet courage of this work will transmit itself to every thoughtful reader. Dr. Edman has skillfully blended a book of deep and personal devotion to the Savior with poems by John Oxenham in a time when bitterness holds sway in individual hearts and in international affairs. This book, *Sweeter Than Honey*, should be of great benefit.

DR. LEE ROBERSON

HOW TO BE A PREACHER'S WIFE AND LIKE IT by Lora Lee Parrott, Zondervan Publishing House, Grand Rapids, Michigan. 120 pages, \$2.

Behind nearly every preacher of the Gospel who is greatly used of God there is a godly and gifted woman, quite possibly his mother, and also his wife. Over the years much attention has been centered on preparing men for the ministry, and very little has been said about preparing women to be preacher's wives. Here is wholesome and constructive information on pertinent points such as: marrying the right preacher, handling conflicts in the home, facing severe and prolonged criticism, keeping the parsonage and regulating its household and the use of its telephone, and balancing the budget. Excellent for lassies who dream about being a preacher's wife and for wives whose dreams are subject to being shattered.

DR. V. RAYMOND EDMAN

HOW TO BE A HAPPY CHRISTIAN by J. Nieboer, Our Daily Walk Publishers, North East, Pennsylvania. 175 pages, \$2.75.

This is a good book and much needed by the people of God. Christians ought to be a happy people and Mr. Nieboer shows plainly how they may be. He makes clear first of all that only the saved can be truly happy. Unless one is an intelligent Christian, knowing that his sins are forgiven and that his "times" are held in the control of God, he cannot be happy in the truest sense of that word. Then he goes on to show the things which destroy a Christian's happiness—worry, unbelief, sin, selfishness, lack of concern for others, etc.

The book is simply written and well illustrated and will bring blessing to those who read

DR. T. ROLAND PHILIPS

CHINAMAN'S CHANCE by Harry Liu and Ellen Drummond, Moody Press, Chicago, Illinois. 143 pages, \$2.50.

Young Harry Liu was fortunate that his Chinese parents were bookworms. His father, a Confucian, was a scholar. His mother was a devout Buddhist, but young Harry grew up to become neither. As a young man he became an official in the Bank of China. One day he went to a doctor for an eye examination and asked the doctor if he knew what would ease the pain of an aching heart. The doctor did not know but recommended that he ask some missionaries who were nearby. This led to young Harry's conversion.

After being saved he had a desire to go to America. He felt that the United States was surely a land of milk and honey like the Hollywood movies had pictured it! Accordingly, he made his way to America and to the Moody Bible Institute of Chicago. Dr. Harry Ironside, famous pastor of Moody Memorial Church, took a liking to this eager young man and practically took him into his family. Incidentally, young Liu named himself "Harry" because of his love and admiration for this wonderful Christian man who became his friend and benefactor.

During the days of the Second World War, when co-operation between the United States and China was at its peak, Harry returned

(Continued on page 4)

WITH THE Evangelists

REPORTS FROM AMERICA'S OUTSTANDING SOUL WINNERS

By the Editor

(NOTE: We are happy to publish honest reports of blessed revivals from trustworthy evangelists and churches. However, if you send us your report for publication, PLEASE give exact statistics, as far as possible, concerning conversions, rededications, additions, etc., or we may not print it. We especially appreciate reports from pastors and chairmen of union campaigns.)

Rev. David H. Richert, pastor of the Grace Bible Church, McPherson, Kansas, reports a recent meeting with **EVANGELIST BOB OUGHTON**, P. O. Box 50, Belleville, Illinois. During the 12 days there were 6 or more conversions and numerous decisions among Christians for rededications, family altars, tithing, etc.

EVANGELIST DOUGLAS WINN, 1224 W. Market Street, Greensboro, North Carolina, reports there were over 30 conversions and additions to the church in one week of meetings at Highland Baptist Church of Portsmouth, Virginia. Attendance was the largest in the history of the church with 407 in Sunday School the closing Sunday. Ten of the converts were men over 40 years of age and one was a man 68 years old.

EVANGELIST FRED R. RITCHARDSON, JR., P. O. Box 11, Nappanee, Indiana, recently spent two weeks at the Mt. Hope Methodist Church near Culver, Indiana. During that time there were 14 conversions, 20 pledges to begin a family altar, and a number of rededications. Evangelist Richardson was also with the Edwards Corners Methodist Church near Marcellus, Michigan, for two weeks. In that time there were 10 conversions, 19 for assurance of salvation, 5 rededications and 8

young people who surrendered for full-time missionary service.

Rev. Jerry Church, pastor of the Prairie Lee Bible Church in Lee's Summit, Missouri, reports a good meeting with **Sword of the Lord EVANGELIST J. OSCAR WELLS**. In the two weeks there were 14 conversions, 8 rededications and the Sunday School attendance record was broken.

EVANGELIST GERALD Z. OGDEN, 4818 E. 29th Street, Des Moines, Iowa, led the Memorial Baptist Church at Sedalia, Missouri, in a revival recently. The pastor, Rev. Gilbert N. Hulme, who led the music during the campaign, reports that there were 22 additions by baptism and 2 by letter. He reports that 5 complete families were converted and baptized. Many rededications were recorded as well.

Rev. C. Wellington Hardy, pastor of The Southside Baptist Church of Elmira, New York, reports two weeks of special meetings with **EVANGELIST FRANK HARPELL**, 825 Main Street, Reading, Massachusetts. During that time there were 7 first-time professions of faith and many pledging a closer walk with the Lord. Among the converts was a student of a nearby Seminary.

Leaving the Tent for a Temple

(Continued from page 1)

speaks about and then see the temple which is ahead of us, and last of all, the transition from tent to temple.

I. The Tent Is Temporary and Unsatisfactory

If this tent (this earthly tent) is to be dissolved . . . Paul was the only man who ever went to Heaven and came back again; when he did, he was not permitted to tell us what he saw. In II. Corinthians, chapter 12, Paul writes:

"It is not expedient for me doubtless to glory. I will come to visions and revelations of the Lord. I knew a man in Christ above fourteen years ago, (whether in the body, I cannot tell; or whether out of the body, I cannot tell: God knoweth;) such an one caught up to the third heaven. And I knew such a man, (whether in the body, or out of the body, I cannot tell: God knoweth;) how that he was caught up into paradise, and heard unspeakable words, which it is not lawful for a man to utter."

I repeat: he went to Glory, he saw the celestial, but he was not permitted to reveal what he saw. So wonderful was it that a messenger of Satan was given to buffet him lest, having been exposed to Heaven, he should glory here on earth. But in the writings of Paul and in the writings of others of the apostles, God lifts the curtain of life and eternity enough

to give us a few luminous sentences that set forth the hopes and certainties of every believer in Christ.

I would remind you this morning that Paul was a tent-maker. In this way he made his living. When he wrote this epistle he was living in Philippi with two other tent-makers, Aquila and Priscilla. Therefore, when he needed a metaphor to describe the body, he picked the most obvious metaphor of all, the very thing he made—the tent—and he portrayed the body as a tent. He couldn't have done better. Look at the dissatisfaction of the tent dweller. "We groan in this tent"; "we sigh," he says in verse 2 of that chapter. We sigh in this tent because it is only temporary. A tent dweller has no roots; he moves his tent when he feels like it; he is here today and gone tomorrow. As the poet said, "The Arabs take their tents and silently steal away."

Down in the heart of each one I think there must be a longing for home, for security, for comfort, for permanence. A tent may be decorated, but a tent is not a permanent thing. Many a person decorates the body. We buy lovely clothes; we fix it up the best we know how; we make it as pretty as possible; we enhance the appearance on the outside; but it is still a tent.

A tent may even be established on some flimsy foundation, but eventually the tent will fall and leave the foundation behind. Success may come; riches may be ours; all the things that earth can give may establish the tent of this body in this world; but eventually there comes a day when the stakes are pulled from the ground, the moorings are dropped, and the tent is gone, leaving behind the very foundation we thought was permanent.

A tent may be admired, and this tent is often admired. Fame comes the way of many people: popularity, success, beauty—all of those things—but it is only a tent and it is going to be taken down some day.

A missionary came home from Africa with a heart burdened for the needs of the people among whom he had been ministering,

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The Greatest Sentence . . . Written

(Continued from page 1)

is not love. If God is love, He would love me. God does not love a wretch like me." But it kept on burning down into his soul, "God is love! God is Love! God is Love!" After a while he retraced his steps, and took a seat in a corner. When Mr. Moody walked down after the meeting, he found the man weeping like a child.

"What is the trouble?" he asked. "What was it in the sermon that touched you?"

"I didn't hear a word of your sermon."

"Well, what is the trouble?"

"That text up there."

Mr. Moody sat down and from his Bible showed him the way of life, and he was saved.

I hope it will break some of your hearts. I am not going to tell you what I think of the love of God. I am going to give you the Bible's plain statements about it. There are people who start out with this text as a foundation, and build a superstructure of speculation that contradicts the plain teaching of the very Book from which they have taken their foundation-stone. Now, nothing can be more illogical than that. One of two things is certainly true. Either the Bible is true, or it is not true. If the Bible is not true, we have no proof that God is love, so that all these universalist schemes, built on the foundation that "God is love," crumble away. If the Bible is true, these schemes which contradict its plain teaching are false. You can take whichever horn of the dilemma you please. Whichever you take, the shallow universalism of the present day crumbles away.

What does the Bible tell us as to how God shows His love?

I. God Shows His Love by Pardoning Sin

"Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts; and let him return unto the Lord, and he will have mercy upon him; and to our God, for he will abundantly pardon."—Isa. 55: 7.

God tells us plainly in His Word that He is willing to forgive any sinner that lives, no matter how deep down he has gone, if he will only turn from sin and turn to Him; and He will forgive him the very moment he does so. Of course, God cannot forgive a man while he holds on to his sin, and retain His own moral character.

I have a boy. I love that boy, I would give a great deal to see him now. I believe there is nothing that boy could do but, if he repented and turned from it, I would forgive him. But I could not forgive him if he held on to his evil way. I could continue to love him and seek to save him, but I could not forgive him. And God cannot forgive us, and remain what He is—a holy God—until we are ready to quit our sin. But the moment we are, He will have mercy upon us, and He will abundantly pardon. If the wickedest man or woman in Edinburgh should have come in tonight—and I hope they have—and should here and now turn from sin, the moment they did so, God would blot out every sin they ever committed.

I knew a millionaire in New York City who turned his back on all his business and money-making to save the perishing. When he was going down one of the streets one night, a poor woman came out of an underground den of infamy and groaned as he passed. My friend stepped up to her and told her of the love of God. At first she would not believe, but he persuaded her that God loved her. He gave her a shelter. She did not live long—only about two years—but before she died, Nellie Conroy stood up before a great audience in the Cooper Institute, and told them how God had saved her. Tears were streaming down the faces of all. A little while after she lay dying, and, as my friend came into the room, she said:

"Uncle Charlie—he was not her uncle, but she called him so for the love she bore—'I will soon see, in a few hours, little Florence, and I will see Jesus.'"

And Nellie Conroy, the pardoned and blood-washed sinner, went up to behold the King.

There is not a man or woman in Edinburgh that God will not save the moment they turn from their sin.

II. God Shows His Love by Taking Account of Sin, and Punishing It

"For whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom he receiveth."—Heb. 12: 6.

People think God will allow sin to go on unchecked, unbuked, unpunished. "God is love," and therefore He takes account of and punishes sin. There are fathers who are so selfish that they will not punish their children when it is necessary for their good. It hurts their feelings, as it does to all true fathers; and they are so selfish that they sacrifice the welfare of the children in order to spare their own feelings. That is not love but consummate selfishness.

One of my children disobeyed me. I said to myself, "That child must be punished." Oh, how I studied to find some way out, but I could not do it. I knew that for the child's highest welfare, punishment must be administered, and the child was punished. I suffered a great deal more than the child, but I loved the child enough to sacrifice my feelings for the child's welfare. God suffers when you and I are punished; but He loves us so much, that when we need to suffer He administers the suffering Himself.

A gentleman with whom I was staying said to me one day, "Would you like to take a drive?" We went out to a cemetery, and came to a place where there were three graves. One was long; it was an adult one, and in it his wife was buried. In the two short graves were the bodies of his two daughters, all he had except a baby boy. We knelt and prayed by the side of the graves. As we were driving back to town the gentleman said, "I pity the man that God has not chastened." What did he mean? He meant that he had been a man of the world, an upright man, but not a Christian. One night when he came home his wife said, "Porter, one of the children is sick." In a few days she was cold and dead; and, as she lay in the casket, he knelt

Book Reviews

(Continued from page 3)

to his native land. Because it was almost impossible to get passage on ships, he managed to be flown in over the "hump" by American transports, and soon became busily engaged, preaching the Gospel to Chinese soldiers and to influential men in the regime of Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek. Here, providentially, he came into contact with the Pocket Testament League and in the golden years that followed, gave out multiplied thousands of these New Testaments to soldiers, school children, and civilians.

This, then, is the refreshing story of a young man's faith, of his trials, temptations, and dark days, too. It is the story of his friends and the gallant missionaries who worked beside him day after day. At the same time, it is the story of the China which emerged from the great war victorious only to be engulfed by the rising tide of communism. The story of Chiang's embattled forces on the beautiful island of Formosa and of closing doors in Harry's beloved China.

Here is a book to inspire and encourage and to show the way to others who would give their lives to Christ.

EVANGELIST BILL RICE

GOOD TIMES FOR GOD'S PEOPLE by Marion Jacobsen, Zondervan Publishing House, Grand Rapids, Michigan. 282 pages, \$3.95.

This volume of 282 large pages would seem to be an exhaustive encyclopedia of indoor and outdoor fun at home and away. We like it because it covers the positive side of the Christian's social life as an individual, a member of a family, and in all social relationships. Invaluable to all interested in positive Christian recreation.

JOHN L. HILL

down and promised God to take Christ as his Lord and Master. But he lied to God, and forgot all about his resolution. Some time after he came home again, and his wife said, "Porter, the other child is sick." In a few days she also lay cold and dead. Once more he knelt down and promised God that he would become a Christian, and kept his word. All the holiest,

(Continued on page 6)

Dr. Bob Jones SAYS:



Years ago a certain preacher came to me and said: "Bob, this church school that we have been backing has become modernistic. We are going to turn our backs on it and build another school, and it will be an orthodox school, and we are going to keep it an orthodox institution. We want you to help us financially." I was a young preacher and did not have any money, but I pledged \$300 to help build that school. I paid my pledge. The preacher who promoted the building of the school is dead and gone. That institution today is one of the most modernistic institutions in America. They promised to keep it orthodox; but while they slept, the enemy sowed some tares in the field. When we founded Bob Jones University, we made it mandatory in our charter and by-laws that if at any time the institution permitted a modernist to teach in the school or supported religious modernism in any particular, the school must be closed by law and the property sold and the money used for the spread of the Gospel. Bob Jones University has been hedged about with every legal protection, and we are going to keep it true to the Word of God until Jesus comes. We are not only going to keep it orthodox, but we are going to keep it evangelistic in its emphasis. We added some by-laws just three or four years ago and made the

charter stronger than ever. It must be run as it has been run in the past, or it must be closed.

Now we want you Christian people who believe in the old-time religion to stand by us. We want you to pray for us every day. We want you to recommend the right kind of students to Bob Jones University. We are endeavoring to select students as carefully as possible so we can train real Christian leaders. We want you to invest some of the money that God has given you in the work the school is doing. I am making a proposition to you: How about you sincerely asking the Lord to lead you if it is His will for you to make a financial investment in the work; and if He leads you to do it, do it. We are working for Him. This is His business. The school does not belong to me. It does not belong to my son. It does not belong to anybody except God. It is a corporation not for profit. Nobody owns it. It is God's school. We do not go around and try to get sinners to help us. We set up a program for the Lord Jesus Christ and ask people who have an affinity for the kind of testimony the University is giving to co-operate with us financially. We will be glad to hear from you. May God bless you.

BOB JONES, FOUNDER
BOB JONES UNIVERSITY
GREENVILLE, S. C.
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Dr. Billy Graham on . . . Tithing

(Continued from page 2)

charter of Rhode Island provided: "No person within the said colony, at any time hereafter, shall be in any wise molested, punished, disquieted or called in question, for any difference in opinion in matters of religion; every person may at all times freely and fully enjoy his own judgment and conscience in matters of religious concernment."

Oh, may our Baptist friends everywhere be true to that great principle. How shocking that one man should lay rules upon another that would limit that man's right to serve God according to the dictates of his own conscience, about where and how he should give his money, which is dedicated to God.

Dr. George W. Truett on Steps of the Nation's Capitol

In May, 1920, Southern Baptists had their annual convention in Washington, D. C. By a most un-

usual arrangement, Dr. George W. Truett, then the most popular living preacher, stood on the steps of the national capitol and delivered a memorable address on "Baptists and Religious Liberty." Uncounted thousands heard that message. It is now printed in *The Inspiration of Ideals*, by George W. Truett, published by Eerdmans. In that ringing voice, a voice of deepest pathos, the most moving and stirring that I ever heard, Dr. Truett said:

"Baptists have one consistent record concerning liberty throughout all their long and eventful history. They have never been party to oppression of conscience. They have ever been the unwavering champions of liberty both religious and civil. Their contention now is, and has been, and please God, must ever be, that it is the natural

and fundamental and infeasible right of every human being to worship God or not, according to the dictates of his conscience, and, as long as he does not infringe upon the rights of others, he is to be held accountable alone to God for all religious beliefs and practices . . . It is the consistent and insistent contention of our Baptist people, always and everywhere, that religion must be forever voluntary and uncoerced, and that it is not the prerogative of any power, whether civil or ecclesiastical, to compel men to conform to any religious creed or form of worship, or to pay taxes for the support of a religious organization to which they do not belong and in whose creed they do not believe. God wants free worshippers and no other kind."

Note particularly that wonderful statement, "that religion must be forever voluntary and uncoerced," and that ecclesiastical power, no more than civil, has any right to compel men to conform to any religious form of worship. Giving by an individual is worship and must be free.

Then Dr. Truett speaks of the Lordship of Jesus Christ. He says that the reason Baptists must be forever contending for unrestricted religious liberty is this:

"First of all, and explaining all the rest, is the doctrine of absolute Lordship of Jesus Christ. That doctrine is for Baptists the dominant fact in all their Christian experience, the nerve center of all their Christian life, the bedrock of all their church policy, the sheet anchor of all their hopes, the climax and crown of all their rejoicing."

Then Truett continues:

"One is your Master, even Christ, and all ye are brethren. Christ is the one head of the church. All authority has been committed unto Him, in Heaven and on earth, and He must be given absolute pre-eminence in all things. One clear note is ever to be sounded concerning Him, even this, 'Whatsoever He saith unto you, do it.'"

Speaking of the "direct individual approach to God," Truett says:

"When we turn to this New Testament, which is Christ's guidebook and law for His people, we find that supreme emphasis is everywhere put upon the individual. The individual is segregated from family, from church, from state, and from society, from dearest earthly friends or institutions, and brought into direct, personal dealings with God. Every one must give account of himself to God. There can be no sponsors or deputies or proxies in such a vital matter . . . Neither persons nor institutions, however dear and powerful, may dare to come between the individual soul and God. 'There is one mediator between God and men, the man Jesus Christ.' Let the state and the church, let the institution, however dear, and the person, however near, stand aside, and let the individual soul make its own direct immediate response to God."

Let us face honestly this great statement by Dr. Truett. The state must stand aside, the church must stand aside, the institution, and the family must stand aside so that the individual soul can deal directly with God. The individual thus must believe for himself and answer for himself.

Then Truett gives this crowning statement:

"The right of private judgment is the crown jewel of humanity, and for any person or institution to dare to come between the soul and God is a blasphemous impertinence and a defamation of the crown rights of the Son of God."

"Out of these two fundamental principles, the supreme authority of the Scriptures and the right of private judgment, have come all the historic protests in Europe and England and America against unscriptural creeds, polity and rites, and against the unwarranted and

impertinent assumption of religious authority over men's consciences, whether by church or by state."

Oh, hear this statement! For the church to come between the individual soul and God, and the church to decide where all the tithes must go, taking away from the individual soul its right of direct approach to God for leading, "is a blasphemous impertinence and a defamation of the crown rights of the Son of God!" said Dr. Truett.

He says that the supreme authority of the Scriptures and the right of private judgment are the very basis of all fundamental, historic creeds. Truett says that for even the church to assume religious authority over men's consciences is "unwarranted and impertinent."

For any pastor or denominational authority, or finance committee of a church to put itself between an individual and God and try to dictate where the Lord's money is to go is a blasphemous impertinence, a defamation of the crown rights of Jesus Christ!

Let every reader solemnly ponder. If you do wrong about giving, you sin against Jesus Christ. If you withhold what you ought to give you rob God, you rob Jesus Christ. Remember that the tithe is the Lord's. It does not belong to the church, it does not belong to the pastor, it does not belong to a denomination. It belongs to the Lord Jesus Christ. You must learn from Him where He wants it given. It may be He wants it given through your local church treas-

ury. Certainly if your church is a sound church, you ought to support it faithfully. BUT YOU MUST FIND OUT FROM GOD WHERE AND HOW THE MONEY IS TO BE GIVEN! It is not wrong necessarily to give your tithes and offerings through the local church. It is wrong for the local church or anybody else in the world to tell you where the tithes must be given, or to claim the right to control those tithes! That right belongs to Jesus Christ. And you alone must give an account to God for what you do with the money of which He has made you the steward.

I trust every reader will solemnly agree that Jesus Christ is to be Lord of all; Lord of the heart, Lord of the talents, Lord of all possessions! I trust that each one will determine, by God's grace, to learn the will of God and follow it about the way we live, the way we give, about what we believe, about what we do and where we go. Jesus Christ Himself, and not anybody else or any institution on earth, is to be the Lord of the Christian's conscience. To put church or person in the place of Jesus Christ here is a form of idolatry that offends a jealous God and robs Jesus Christ of His rights.

(The book, ALL ABOUT CHRISTIAN GIVING, has 176 large pages. In paper binding, the price is \$1 plus 15c postage, and in the cloth binding, \$1.95 plus 15c postage, if ordered from the Sword of the Lord Publishers, 214 West Wesley, Wheaton, Illinois. If possible, buy from your local bookstore and save postage. This book is very valuable for those who want to know the Bible teaching on Christian giving, tithes, offerings, the duty and privilege of giving.)

Black Rock

(Continued from page 3)

snoring in the next room, and no one heard of Billy, and there were others of the league that we knew were even now down at Slavin's. It was thought best that all should remain at Mr. Craig's shack, not knowing what might happen; and so we lay where we could and we needed none to sing us to sleep.

When I awoke, stiff and sore, it was to find breakfast ready and old man Nelson in charge. As we were seated Craig came in, and I saw that he was not the man of the night before. His courage had come back, his face was quiet, and his eye clear; he was his own man again.

"Geordie has been out all night, but has failed to find Billy," he announced quietly.

We did not talk much. Graeme and I worried with our broken bones, and the others suffered from a general morning depression. But after breakfast, as the men were beginning to move, Craig took down his Bible, and saying, "Wait a few minutes, men!" he read slowly, in his beautiful clear voice, that psalm for all fighters—

"God is our refuge and strength,"

and so on to the nobler words—

"The Lord of Hosts is with us;
The God of Jacob is our refuge."

How the mighty words pulled us together, lifted us till we grew ashamed of our ignoble rage and of our ignoble depression!

And then Craig prayed in simple, straight-going words. There was acknowledgment of failure, but I knew he was thinking chiefly of himself; and there was gratitude, and that was for the men about him, and I felt my face burn with shame; and there was petition for help, and we all thought of Nixon, and Billy, and the men wakening from their debauch at Slavin's this pure, bright morning. And then he asked that we might be made faithful and worthy of God, whose battle it was. Then we all stood up and shook hands with him in silence, and every man knew a covenant was being made. But none saw his meeting with Nixon. He sent us all away before that.

Nothing was heard of the destruction of the hotel stock in trade. Unpleasant questions would certainly be asked, and the proprietor decided to let bad alone. On the point of respectability the success of the ball was not conspicuous, but the anti-league men were content if not jubilant.

Billy Breen was found by Geordie late in the afternoon in his own old and deserted shack, breathing heavily, covered up with his filthy, moldering bedclothes, with a half-empty bottle of whisky at his side. Geordie's grief and rage were beyond even his Scotch control. He spoke few words, but these were of such concentrated vehemence that no one felt the need of Abe's assistance in vocabulary.

Poor Billy! We carried him to Mrs. Mavor's home, put him in a warm bath, rolled him in blankets, and gave him little sips of hot water, then of hot milk and coffee, as I had seen a clever doctor in the hospital treat a similar case of nerve and heart depression. But the already weakened system could not recover from the awful shock of exposure following the debauch, and on Sunday afternoon we saw that his heart was failing fast. All day the miners had been dropping in to inquire after him, for Billy had been a great favorite in other days, and the attention of the town had been admiringly centered upon his fight of these last weeks. It was with no ordinary sorrow that the news of his condition was received. As Mrs. Mavor sang to him his large coarse hands moved in time to the music, but he did not open his eyes till he heard Mr. Craig's voice in the next room; then he spoke his name, and Mr. Craig was kneeling beside him in a moment. The words came slowly:

"Oi tried—to fight it hout—but—Oi got beat. Hit 'urts to think 'E's hashamed o' me. Oi'd like t' a-done better—Oi would."

"Ashamed of you, Billy!" said Craig in a voice that broke. "Not He."

"An'—ye hall—'elped me so!" he went on. "Oi wish Oi'd a-done better—Oi do," and his eyes sought Geordie and then rested on Mrs. Mavor, who smiled back at him with a world of love in her eyes.

"You hain't ashamed o' me—yore heyes saigh so," he said, looking at her.

"No, Billy," she said, and I wondered at her steady voice, "not a bit. Why, Billy, I am proud of you."

He gazed up at her with wonder and ineffable love in his little eyes, then lifted his hand slightly toward her. She knelt quickly and took it in both of hers, stroking it and kissing it.

"Oi hought t' a-done better. Oi'm hawful sorry Oi went back

(Continued on page 7)

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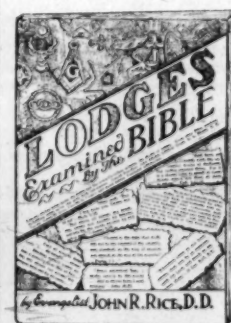
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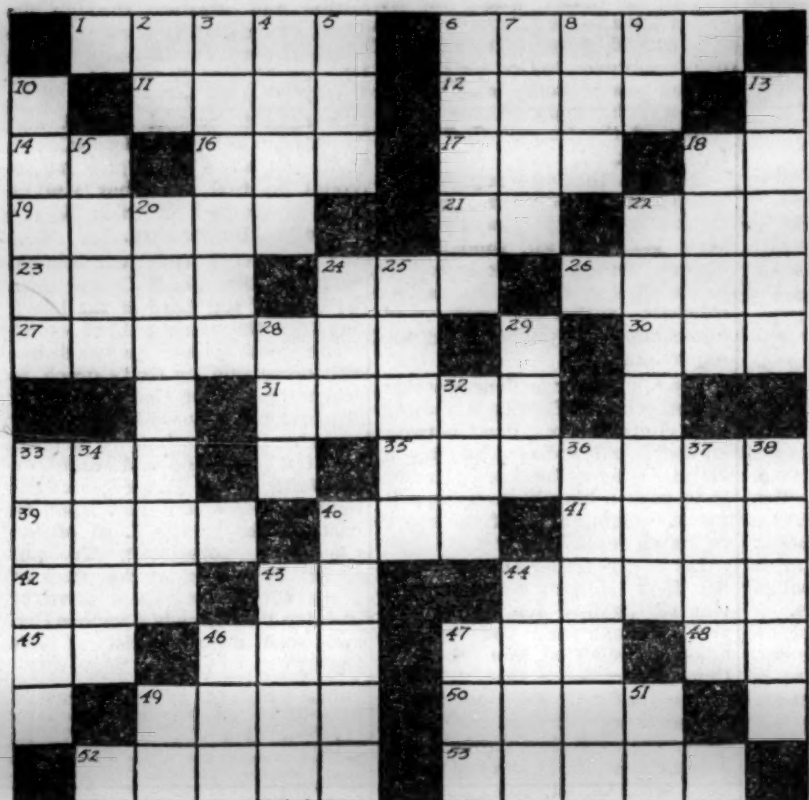
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Have You Recovered?

By Aunt Neva



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Beast, your entry must be postmarked by midnight, SATURDAY, JUNE 16, 1956. The answer to puzzle No. 27 will appear in the June 22 issue of THE SWORD OF THE LORD. Please note that if you receive your copy of the paper late, send the answer to the puzzle anyway and give us the date you received the paper. We want to give you every chance to win!

From your letters I gather that many of you have quite a tussle with the puzzle each week. I hope you've recovered from your "bout" with the one last week. I'll admit it was a "toughie" but this week you'll find it much easier. Don't give up trying! Tough or easy, it's good to know that so many of you are enjoying the puzzles. We just totaled the number of correct answers to puzzle No. 21 and find there are 487. We sent that many free booklets, worth \$73.05. That's a good record. Keep it up!

Be sure to follow the rules carefully. Your name and address is essential, so don't forget to put it on. We have received a few puzzles without any names and so of course we just don't know where to send the booklet. Check your puzzle before you mail it.

This week we are offering one of Dr. Rice's booklets, *Trailed by a Wild Beast* or, "Be sure your sins will find you out." A wonderful salvation message for your unsaved relative or friend.

Just follow these instructions:

1. Fill in the empty blanks according to the clues given. *Answers must be correct and complete.*

2. PRINT (not write) your own name and address in the blank below the puzzle and mail to: Aunt Neva, PUZZLE EDITOR, THE SWORD OF THE LORD, Wheaton, Illinois. We cannot return entries. If you do not wish to cut up your copy of the paper, you may print your answers on another piece of paper or postcard.

3. To receive the booklet, *Trailed by a Wild*

Puzzle Number 27

CLEWS ACROSS

- 1 Son of Zebedee; one of the twelve apostles
- 6 Poisonous weeds; the subject of a parable
- 11 Masculine being
- 12 Mother of Jabal, the herdsman, and Jubal, the musician
- 14 Exists
- 16 Animal whose horns were made into trumpets.
- 17 Created on the sixth day
- 18 Height (Abbr.)
- 19 Says
- 21 Part of the verb to be
- 22 Town on the coast of Judea not far from Nazareth
- 23 Prefix meaning chief
- 24 Suffix used to form adjectives
- 26 "—and chance happeneth to all." (Eccl. 9:11)
- 27 A city in Galilee given to the children of Merari (Josh. 21:35)
- 30 One of the blessings of the wisdom of God. (Prov. 3:20)
- 31 Succeeded Joab as captain of the host. (II Sam. 17:25)
- 33 Weep convulsively
- 35 King; son of David
- 39 A son of Gad (Num. 26:17)
- 40 Degree
- 41 A harp or psaltery
- 42 Guided
- 43 Pronoun
- 44 Son of Abdi, who served in the tabernacle (I Chron. 6:44)
- 45 In formation of Jewish names signifies fountain
- 46 An unclean animal found in Palestine
- 47 One hundred four
- 48 Giant king of Bashan
- 49 Dry
- 50 Son of Hezekiah (Ez. 2:16)
- 52 Tree "The righteous shall grow like a — of Lebanon"
- 53 City of Hadadezer from which David took exceeding much brass

CLEWS DOWN

- 2 Exist
- 3 Sister of Mary, who was numbered about much serving
- 4 Son of Baasha
- 5 Greek form of Shem
- 6 A Nethinim
- 7 Father of Shem
- 8 Hastened
- 9 Expression of inquiry

- 10 Jewish month; time of the Feast of the Passover
- 13 Scatter
- 15 Abraham's half-sister (Gr. form)
- 18 Heaven
- 20 Son of Phinehas; grandson of Eli
- 22 Thomas
- 24 "My name forever" God told Moses
- 25 Cut in long slits
- 28 Song
- 29 Book of the New Testament (Abbr.)
- 32 Sward
- 33 City of which Melchisedec was King
- 34 Brother of Ram, Bunah, Ozem, and Ahijah
- 36 Scene of the Ascension
- 37 Roman emperor—(32-69)
- 38 Call of an animal used in war in Bible times
- 40 The apostle who tried to walk to Jesus on the sea
- 43 Naomi called herself by this name
- 44 Bird of the hawk family
- 46 Color of the dragon which Michael fought.
- 47 Hebrew dry measure, equal to about two quarts
- 49 Direction
- 51 Egyptian God of the Sun, from whom most of the Pharaohs claimed descent

Answers to Puzzle Number 25:



The Greatest Sentence . . . Written

(Continued from page 4)

deepest, purest joys of life had come from his great sorrow.

Are you in sorrow? It is because God loves you. Are there some here resisting the entreaties of God's mercy and grace? I beseech you to repent. I tremble for some men and women, for those who know the way of life, with whom God is striving by His Holy Spirit but who will not come to Him. I tremble for them, because I know that God loves them. You think that is a very strange reason for trembling for a man. No, I know God loves you, and so loves

you, that, if He cannot bring you in any other way, He will bring you by sorrow and heartache.

A friend of mine in Chicago, Colonel Clark, spent his fortune in saving the lost. He went down every night to preach the Gospel in a mission. There was one man who had been attending and resisting God's entreaties of mercy for a long time; and one night as he came along Col. Clark said, "George, if you do not turn from sin pretty quick, I believe God will take away your wife and child from you, and will lock you up." The man was very angry, and said, "Colonel Clark, you mind your own business; I will mind mine." One month from that night George woke up on the floor of Rochester Jail. His wife was dead, his child had been taken away from him to be put into better hands than his. Right there he took Christ as his Saviour, and now he is a preacher of the Gospel. Remember, God loves you, and "whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth."

III. God Shows His Love for Us by Sympathizing With Us

"In all their affliction he was afflicted."—Isa. 63:9.

That is one of the wonderful sentences of this book. The prophet is speaking about the children of Israel. Their afflictions were appalling, and the direct consequence of their own sin, a judgment sent by the hand of God, and yet the prophet said God suffered with them in their sorrow. It is true. There is not a man or woman here who is in trouble but God sympathizes with you. It may have come in any way, but if you have any trouble God sympathizes with you in it.

Some of you know what it is to have a child sick for a long time. At first friends came and sympathized with you, but their sympathy has grown cold; and, as you have watched day and night by that fading life you have said: "There is no one who sympathizes with me." Yes, there is. God sympathizes with you. There are men and women who have a sorrow of such a character that

they cannot confide it to any human ear; and they say: "Nobody knows it. Nobody sympathizes with me." Yes, there is one who knows, and He sympathizes with you—God.

IV. God Shows His Love by His Gifts

I cannot dwell upon that. I just want to speak of one gift.

"Behold, what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called the sons of God."—I John 3:1,2.

Oh, that wondrous gift that God bestowed upon you and me, that men and women like us should be called children of God! Oh, what love! Suppose on his coronation day King Edward, after all the ceremonies were over, had taken his carriage of state, and had ridden down to the East End of London, and had seen some ragged, wretched, profane boy, utterly uneducated and morally corrupt. Suppose his great heart of love had gone out to that boy, and, stepping up to that poor wanderer, he had said: "I love you. I am going to take you in my carriage to the palace. I am going to dress you fit to be a king's son, and you shall be known as the son of King Edward the Seventh." Would it not have been wonderful? But it would not have been so wonderful as that the infinitely holy God should have looked down upon you and me in our filthiness and rags and depravity, and that He should have loved us that He should have bestowed upon us to be called the sons of God.

V. God Shows His Love by the Sacrifice He Has Made for Us

Sacrifice; after all that is the great test of love. People tell you that they love you, but you cannot tell whether they really love you till the opportunity comes for them to make a sacrifice for you. I had a friend in the university. We thought a good deal of each other; but I did not know how much he loved me. Years after, one night when I was away preaching, this friend turned up at my house and got to talking with my wife. He asked a good many leading questions, and finally got out of her that I was in a position in which I needed fifteen hundred dollars. He did not say any more

at the time, but next day he came to me and said:

"You think of doing so and so."

"Yes."

"That costs money."

"I have a scheme to get it."

"What is it?"

"I have plans."

"Well, what are they?"

I did not think it was his business, but finally I told him. He said:

"It will not work at all. See here. Just let me give you that fifteen hundred dollars."

"Well," I said, "I am not going to let any man give me fifteen hundred dollars."

"Oh, you can pay it back."

"I don't know about that."

"I will take my chances." He insisted, and would not take "No" for an answer; he gave me that fifteen hundred dollars, and I have paid it back, but he did not know I would. I knew then that man loved me. God has proved His love. "God so loved the world that he gave"—gave what?—"his only begotten Son"—the best He had, the object of His eternal love—gave Him to suffer and die upon the cruel cross for you and me.

God looked down upon this lost world, upon you and me. He saw that there was only one price that could save us; and He did not stop at that sacrifice. He "so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." That is the most amazing thing in the Bible. You and I sometimes dwell upon the love of Christ, to give up Heaven for us. We look at Him in the courtyard of Pilate, fastened to the whippingpost, with His bare back exposed to the lash of the Roman soldier. We look at Him as the lash cuts into His back again and again and again, till it is all torn and bleeding. Oh, how He loved us! But looking down from yon throne in Heaven was God; and every lash that cut the back of Christ cut the heart of God. We see the soliders with the crown of thorns, pressing it on His brow, and we see the blood flowing down. Oh, how He loved us! But every thorn that pierced His brow pierced also the heart of God.

Through the dusk of that awful

(Continued on page 7)

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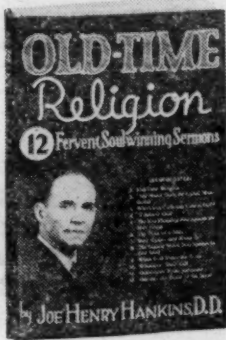
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The Greatest Sentence . . . Written

(Continued from page 6)

day we see Him on the cross. We hear the last cry, "My God, my God, why has thou forsaken me?" We see how He loved us. But yonder, looking down from the throne of light and glory, was God; and every nail that pierced His hands and feet pierced the heart of God, because He loved you, and you, and you, every one of you. "God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son." Oh, it was wonderful! What are you going to do about this love?

I once heard a story which brought me such a glimpse of God's love as I never had before. I do not know whether it is true or not. A man was set to watch a railway drawbridge over a river. He threw it open and let vessels through. He heard the whistle of a train up the track, and sprang to the lever to bring the bridge back into place, and as he was doing so he accidentally pushed his boy into the river. He heard the cry, "Father, save me; I am drowning." What should he do? The man stood at the post of duty, brought the bridge back so that the train could pass over in safety. Then he jumped into the river to save his boy, but it was too late. He sacrificed his boy to do his duty. When I heard that story I wondered, if it had been my boy, what I would have done. That man owed it to those on the train to do what he did. God owed you and me nothing. We were guilty rebels against him, but "God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

What are you going to do with His love? Accept it, or trample it under foot? Accept Christ, and you accept that love; reject Christ, and you trample that love under foot. I cannot understand how any man or woman in their right senses can harden their hearts against the love of God.

I remember one night at the close of our service we had an after-meeting. The choir was still sitting, and the leading soprano was unconverted—a thoroughly worldly girl. Her mother rose in the meeting, and said, "I wish you would pray for my daughter." I did not look around, but I knew intuitively how that girl looked at that moment. I made it my business to meet her as she was passing out, and said, "Good evening, Cora." Her eyes flashed and cheeks burned; she was very angry. She said,

"My mother ought to have known better. She knows it will only make me worse."

I said, "Sit down"; and I turned to Isaiah 53:5: "He was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities: the chastisement of our peace was upon him; and with his stripes we are healed." I did not say another word. It was not necessary. The anger faded out of those eyes, and burning tears of penitence ran down her cheeks. I went from home next day, and when I came back some one said, "Cora is sick." I found her very sick, but rejoicing in Jesus. A few days after, her brother came and said, "We think Cora is dying." I went at once, and looked on the whitest face I ever saw. She had not opened her eyes all the morning; but, after I had finished praying, there came from those lips—still without opening her eyes—the most wonderful prayer I ever heard. She thanked God for giving His Son

to die for her. She told Him how she longed to live to sing to His glory, as she had sung in the past for herself; but "if it be not Thy will that I live and sing for Christ, I shall be glad to depart and to be with Christ." And depart she did, with a heart conquered, transformed, by the love of God. What are you going to do with the love of God?

I have here a story cut from a paper today. Mrs. Bottome, of New York City, says that she had a friend in her girlhood of whom she lost sight completely for eighteen years. Going back to New York she was passing along a street, and up in a second story window she saw her friend's face, surrounded by prematurely grey hair. She ran up to the door of the house, and said to the maid, "Take that to your mistress."

"She is not at home," was the answer.

"Oh yes, she is: I saw her at the window"; and Mrs. Bottome rushed past the maid up into the room, and they fell into one another's arms.

"What has become of you for all these years?" asked Mrs. Bottome. The answer was,

"Come into the other room, and I will show you." In a room magnificently fitted up there sat an idiot boy of seventeen years of age, scarcely able to talk—a driving idiot. His mother said, "My duty lies here, with my darling

Leaving the Tent for a Temple

(Continued from page 4)

knowing that the one thing needed more than anything else was a modern clinic and hospital where he could treat the bodily needs of the people and thereby reach them with the Gospel of Christ. He went to the palatial office and plant of one of his school-boy chums and was ushered into a beautiful mahogany-paneled room. The businessman said, "It's so nice to see you; where have you been?"

boy." Mrs. Bottome says that in a moment of thoughtlessness she asked, "How can you endure it? I do not wonder you are prematurely grey."

"I knew you would not understand my love for my sweet boy," said her indignant friend, "It is no burden, no care, to live for, and serve my boy; and if, some day, he will only give one sign that he recognizes me as his mother, I will feel repaid for all the years of love I have lavished on him."

That was but a faint image of the love of God. What are you going to do with this love of God? That boy did not repay his mother's love; for, as Mrs. Bottome says, he was an idiot and did not know any better. You are not idiots. You know God's love: how are you going to repay it?

(From the book, REVIVAL ADDRESSES, by Dr. R. A. Torrey. Used by permission of Fleming H. Revell Company, price, \$2.00.)

Black Rock

(Continued from page 5)

on 'Im. Hit was the lemonade. The boys didn't mean no 'arm—but hit started the 'ell hinside."

Geordie hurled out some bitter words.

"Don't be 'ard on 'em, Geordie. They didn't mean no 'arm," he said, and his eyes kept waiting till Geordie said hurriedly:

"Na! na! lad—I'll juist leave them till the Almichty."

Then Mrs. Mavor sang softly, smoothing his hand, "Just as I am," and Billy dozed quietly for half an hour.

When he awoke again his eyes turned to Mr. Craig and they were troubled and anxious.

"Oi tried 'ard. Oi wanted to win," he struggled to say.

By this time Craig was master of himself, and he answered in a clear, distinct voice:

"Listen, Billy! You made a great fight and you are going to win yet. And besides, do you remember the sheep that got lost over the mountains?" This parable was Billy's special delight. "He didn't beat it when He got it, did He? He took it in His arms and carried it home. And so He will you."

And Billy, keeping his eyes fastened on Mr. Craig, simply said:

"Will 'E?"

"Sure!" said Craig.

"Will 'E?" he repeated, turning his eyes upon Mrs. Mavor.

"Why, yes, Billy," she answered cheerily, though the tears were streaming from her eyes. "I would, and He loves you far more."

He looked at her, smiled, and closed his eyes. I put my hand on his heart; it was fluttering feebly. Again a troubled look passed over his face.

"My—poor—hold—mother," he whispered; "she's—hin—the—wukus."

"I shall take care of her, Billy," said Mrs. Mavor in a clear voice, and again Billy smiled.

Then he turned his eyes to Mr. Craig, and from him to Geordie, and at last to Mrs. Mavor, where they rested. She bent over and kissed him twice on the forehead.

"Tell 'er," he said with difficulty, " 'E's took me 'ome."

"Yes, Billy!" she cried, gazing into his glazing eyes.

He tried to lift her hand. She kissed him again. He drew one deep breath and lay quite still.

"Thank the blessed Saviour!" said Mr. Craig reverently. "He has taken him home."

But Mrs. Mavor held the dead hand tight and sobbed out passionately:

"Oh, Billy! Billy! You helped me once when I needed help! I cannot forget!"

And Geordie, groaning, "Aye, laddie, laddie," passed out into the fading light of the early evening.

Next day no one went to work, for to all it seemed a sacred day. They carried him into the little church, and there Mr. Craig spoke of his long, hard fight and of his final victory; for he died without a fear and with love to the men who, not knowing, had been his death. And there was no bitterness in any heart, for Mr. Craig read the story of the sheep and told how gently He had taken Billy home; but though no word was spoken, it was there the league was made again.

They laid him under the pines beside Lewis Mavor, and the miners threw sprigs of evergreen into the open grave. When Slavin, sobbing bitterly, brought his sprig, no one stopped him, though all thought it strange.

As we turned to leave the grave the light from the evening sun came softly through the gap in the mountains, and filling the valley touched the trees and the little mound beneath with glory. And I thought of that other glory, which is brighter than the sun, and was not sorry that poor Billy's weary fight was over; and I could not help agreeing with Craig that it was there the league had its revenge.

(Continued next week)

He said, "I have spent the last fifteen years of my life in Africa."

"Africa! What were you doing out there—mining?"

"No," he said, "I have been out there ministering to the needs of the people and preaching the Gospel of Christ."

"Man, what a fool! With your intellect and your abilities and your scholarship, you could be up in the top ranks today. What are you doing over there, wasting your time with those people?"

The best he knew how he tried to explain to him, as the children of light can only explain to the children of the dark. And he said, "I came to you today because we need a hospital, and we need one desperately. You have the money. God has blessed your business. Wouldn't you like to help?"

The businessman said, "Come here," and he took him to the window. "See all those sheds; see all those buildings; see those stacks belching smoke. They are all mine. I built them. I built them with my brain and my hands. Everything out there I built, and it is all mine. No God ever helped me get it, and no God is going to get a dime of it. If you want to throw away your life in Africa and build hospitals for those people who don't appreciate your efforts, you do it with somebody else's money but you'll never do it with mine." And he ushered him out of the office.

It was Saturday and the employees left at 12 o'clock when the whistle blew. The secretary bid him "good-bye," and he said, "I'm going to stay behind a few minutes and work on the books"—and so he did. Finally he picked up the ledgers, now complete, and took them into the big time vault in the wall, walked inside and began to store them away in their proper places. Suddenly he heard a click and he turned around to see that massive six-inch door swing shut behind him. In a moment of panic he realized there was a time-lock on that door and it didn't open again until eight o'clock Monday morning. Frantically he began to compute how many hours of life he would have, how many square feet of air, how much oxygen he was going to need to keep body and soul together. Panic overcame common sense and he beat with bare fists upon the door; he screamed at the top of his lungs, realizing now that even if people were in the office they couldn't hear him. Around him were millions of dollars worth of stocks and bonds, deeds and securities—everything he had worked so hard to obtain, everything he had put the brain and fists to and had said, "God never gave me a dime of it."

He took drawers out of their places and spilled thousands of dollars of securities on the floor of the vault and in wild panic beat on that door with the drawer until suddenly—the dark. When he woke up in the hospital with a nurse bending over him, he said, "How did I get out and how did I get here?"

She said, "Sir, by some miracle, when you beat on that door with the steel drawer, you touched off the burglar alarm. When the police got there, the doctor estimates you had thirty seconds of oxygen left."

He said, "You go get So and So," and he named the missionary. When his friend stood by the bed the man said, "I realize what a fool I've been, how short life is, how fleeting the things of life. How much did you say you needed?"

The missionary told him and he said, "I'm going to invest in eternity instead of leaving it all for time."

A tent is a temporary thing. A tent is a frail thing. The wind blows and it is down. Storms come, destruction comes. Sin visits these tents, sickness dismantles them, adversity tears them. You have no guaranty of tomorrow—neither have I. You have no guaranty of today and neither have I. We live in this body which we boast about. We build it up by physical culture and make it the strongest we can, and when we do, we brace ourselves, for a strong

breeze will blow us flat on our backs. A tent is frail—this body is frail.

I sat in an auditorium and listened to a great physical culture fadist. At seventy-five years of age he displayed muscles and sinew and control such as I have seldom seen in young men half his age or less. That night he lectured to us about good health, and what he said was good. But this was the thing that made me pause as I sat in that gallery and listened to him. He said, "Ladies and gentlemen, I have a date with a friend of mine to have dinner in the Royal York Hotel in Toronto on my 100th birthday." I said to myself, "Wait a minute, doctor. You may be a fine physical specimen now, but who has the 100th birthday stored away?" When he was eighty-six years of age he took pneumonia and died. A tent is a frail thing.

A tent is an incomplete thing. No tent, however nice, can ever be all that we want. It is hampered; it is circumscribed; it is not complete. And we are hampered by this tent. How many times would the artist like to be able to paint more fully than he does? He sees the beauty; he can even feel beauty, but he cannot make the brush dip in just the right color or move in just the right pattern. Hampered by the flesh, he fails to fulfill his ambition. How many times in our worship we would like to be able to pour from these hearts of ours all the love and adoration and devotion we have toward our Christ, but are unable to do so and in sobbing silence have nothing but the same old phrases we have used before. Our emotions many times are hampered by the tent of our flesh. We live in a tent, and the tent is coming down some day. We ask, "Is this all? Is man, with all his tremendous potentialities—mental and spiritual and personal—doomed, like a tent, to nothing?" If this is true, then just how futile and frustrating and wasteful life is! But, thank God, it is not true. Paul says, "Though we live in this tent, though we have this tabernacle of flesh, ahead of us is a building—a temple of God, eternal in the heavens."

II. Our Eternal Temple, Our Celestial Body

Look with me at that temple for a moment. As the tent is temporary, the temple is eternal. As the tent is frail, the temple pulsates with the power of the universe. As the tent is incomplete, the temple knows the fulfillment of all things. Paul cries, "And as we have borne the image of the earthy, we shall also bear the image of the heavenly" (I Cor. 15:49). There is something ahead, friends, a temple of God—a temple of strength. ". . . it is sown in weakness; it is raised in power" (I Cor. 15:43).

Even under the limitations of time and sense and the shadow of sin, what a wonder is the body! Have you ever watched the athlete in his beautiful movements—the fine synchronization of the human body expressing exactly what he wants? Have you ever listened to the musician as he fingers his instrument or draws his bow, and heard the miracle of expression? Have you observed the craftsman, as from his hands and mind there flow the wonderful things that only craftsmen can produce, and have you seen how the body is able to give vent to the creative aspirations of the human soul? And then have you remembered that it is all in weakness, incompleteness, and sin? What will it be when this mortal shall have put on immortality? ". . . then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written, Death is swallowed up in victory. O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? The sting of death is sin; and the strength of sin is the law. But thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ" (I Cor. 15:54-57).

Here is a temple of power, a temple of strength, a temple of holiness. Sin's shadows are lifted now. God's perfect will is embraced now. There is joy in the presence of the angels of God because men turn to Christ. Why? Because of what they have been saved from? Yes, but also because

(Continued on page 8)

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Leaving the Tent for a Temple

(Continued from page 7)

of what they have been saved to. We are moving into the completion of God.

Here is a temple of service. How many times have you seen the cartoons of the righteous dead on fleecy clouds, stroking beautiful harps, with golden halos perched at a rakish angle over their brows? Where did man ever get such ridiculous nonsense? Not from the Scripture! It is nowhere in the revelation of God. It is the figment of human imagination. Since Elijah dropped his mantle that day and went up in the whirlwind and Elisha picked it up to find the power doubled for him, since David laid down his harp which could soothe the evil spirits of a man like Saul, since Isaiah put down his inspired quill and Paul ceased to preach with all the eloquence and power which were given him, you may be sure that they have not been unemployed. This is a temple of service and we will have something to do, and what we will do will be glorious.

Here is a temple of joy. Did you ever stop to think that man was created for joy? At creation the morning stars sang together and the sons of God shouted for joy; but since sin has entered the race, our joy has been mixed with sorrow, our laughter is mixed with tears. Behind the smiles there are broken hearts, and behind placid exteriors there is a lot of frustration and pain. Our joys in life are like the shafts of sunlight that pierce the rain and leave behind rainbows of promise. Sorrow is mixed with our joy now; but then when the tent of tears has been taken down, oh, blessed be God, there is going to be real joy.

There is going to be the joy of accomplishment: "... well done, thou good and faithful servant... enter thou into the joy of thy lord" (Matt. 25:21). Again Paul says, "... there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness... and not to me only, but unto all them also that love his appearing" (II Tim. 4:8). Jesus said, "... lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven" (Matt. 6:20)—and you will collect on them some day. This is joy.

There will not only be the joy of accomplishment. There will also be the joy of accompaniment. The saints of the past will be there: Moses will be there, David will be there, Peter will be there. I'm going to take Peter off to one side, if he's not too busy, and say, "Peter, I've always admired you. You know, you and I are a great deal alike, popping off, getting into trouble. Now, Peter, I want to know a lot of things that you never told us when you were here on earth. How did it feel that night when you went out and Jesus looked on you from the balcony?"

"I can't talk about that, George; I'd rather not remember that."

"Well, then, Peter, tell me how it felt that morning by the lake when you saw Him standing on the shore and you jumped from the boat and even forgot your coat. Peter, tell me about that."

And he will say, "I can tell you about that." And he will. Yes, there will be the saints of the past; but there will also be the saints of the present, those whom we have loved and lost. I think after I get acquainted with my Lord and find out a few things I've always wanted to know about eternity, I am going to feel a soft arm over my shoulder and hear a familiar voice in my ear, and somebody is going to say, "Did you have a good trip, Son?" just like she always said it when I came home. There's going to be the thrill and the joy of accompaniment.

There is going to be the joy of fellow-pilgrims. "You helped me make it, Pastor, when I needed help." "Christian, in that moment when I was down and out, blue and discouraged, you came to my house and prayed for me." "You were in a testimony meeting, and you didn't know I had a need and your testimony fitted my need." The joy of fellow-pilgrims together: "Because of you I am here." That will be joy. Not one of us ever knows how many are going to be there because of us; but we will know then.

There will be the joy of acclaim in that temple. Kings will be there; queens will be there; emperors will be there; presidents will be there. I think the tall, gaunt man who prayed in the White House during the dark days of the Civil War will be there. The laborer will be there and the scholar will be there. The scrub woman and the rich will be there. Some from every tongue, every tribe, every nation, every color will be there. And when that eternal host assembles around the glassy sea, somebody will raise the baton and though the language may be heavenly, the words will mean the same as they sing,

"All hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown Him Lord of all."

The joy of acclaim!

III. Soon We Depart for Our Heavenly Temple

Yes, we are going from a tent to a temple—blessed be God! And how are we going to get there? There is a transition. In II Timothy, chapter 4, and verse 6, Paul says, "... the time of my departure is at hand." He was using a well-known phrase when he so spoke. He was talking about the time of unmooring, the casting off of the ropes of a ship, letting it go from the land, letting the wind fill the sails and the ship crest the waves as it sails to its other port. He says, "The time of my unmooring has arrived. The ship is ready; the necessities are taken care of, and now I am on my way."

Have you noticed that it wasn't the time of salvation? There are some people who feel that death is a saving influence. It is not, friends; the Bible so declares. Five minutes after I die I am exactly the same person I was five minutes before. Death does not change anything but the body. Death is not a formaldehyde bath through which God drags guilty sinners so that they come out as clean as snow. You decide your heavenly citizenship now, friends. In Philippians, chapter 3 and verse 20, Paul says, "For our conversation (citizenship) is in heaven; from whence also we look for the Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ." John tells us, "Beloved, now are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be; but we know that, when he shall appear, we shall be like him; for we shall see him as he is" (I John 3:2).

This is the time of salvation; this is the accepted time; this is the day to give your heart to Christ; this is the time to have all your sins cleansed. I have noticed in my experience as a minister that most of the people who trust in eleventh-hour salvation die at 10:30. They never make it! Death is not the saving hour. Death is the hour of unmooring and transition.

Notice, too, it is *not* the time of probation. There is no purgatory in the Bible. There is no second chance in the Bible. Turn to Revelation, chapter 22 and verse 11, and read these fearful and yet wonderful words: "He that is unjust, let him be unjust still; and he which is filthy, let him be filthy still; and he that is righteous, let him be righteous still; and he that is holy, let him be holy still." Once the grain is cut in the field and put in the barn, it does not change the character of the grain. It is wheat or oats or rye or barley—whatever it was in the field. Once the soul is cut from earth, that is what it is—saint or sinner, saved or lost! Death is the time of unmooring.

Then, it is the time of homecoming. We read for our Scripture this morning the fourteenth chapter of John. Did you notice the words, "I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto myself; that where I am, there ye may be also"? We are going Home. Some of us work hard to have our homes in this world. Some of you have scrimped and saved and done without to have a home, and you are still scrimping and saving to keep the place. But it's worth it. It is home. But some day we are going

to leave that home behind. We are going to go to a Home where there is no mortgage and no repairs and no upkeep and where there is everything we do not have in this world.

A great Methodist preacher used to tell how he went around the world, preaching the Gospel. In almost every country of the world he saw mighty revivals and many people won to Christ. As he came to New York City he stood on the deck of the ship and looked out at America with the thrill that only a traveler knows when he sees the Statue of Liberty and the tall buildings of Manhattan. When they pulled into the dock he spied a brass band and a big crowd and said, "Think of that; they have heard about my meetings and have turned out the band to welcome me home."

He was thrilled; he picked up his suitcases and started down the gangplank—but nobody said "Hello"; nobody took the suitcases; not a single instrument tooted a note; everybody ignored him. He went through customs; nobody met him. The wire he sent had been lost and nobody even knew he was coming home. He got on the train and jogged across Pennsylvania and Ohio, and the farther he went, the more he felt sorry for himself. You know, that is the Devil's biggest tool, to get believers feeling sorry for themselves. He was working on the preacher in that train, saying, "Look at you. You went and preached to the world; you won thousands of people to Christ; but when you get home nobody even welcomes you back." He picked up the newspaper and read that the brass band and the official greeter and the crowd were for the former President, Theodore Roosevelt, who had been in Africa hunting lions and came

home with a few trophies. "I've been hunting souls, and nobody even said 'Hello' to me," he thought.

Crushed, feeling sorry for himself, self-pity surrounding him, he got off the train at Wilmore, Kentucky, and walked up the main street of that unique town. (And I use that word "unique" advisedly. It is a Latin word: the last part means "horse" and the first part means "one".) Walking up the main street, carrying his own suitcases, arms aching and heart aching with self-pity, he suddenly stopped, dropped the suitcases, raised his hands and shouted, "Glory to God; now I understand it. I'm not Home yet. When I get Home, they will turn out the band. When I get Home, the angels will be there to greet me. When I get Home, there will be a greeting. My dear Saviour and Lord will be there. I'm still a stranger in this world; I don't have my new Home. When I get my new Home, it will be glorious. I'm not Home yet."

Neither are we. We are pilgrims and strangers and foreigners, and we are looking for Home, the new Home, the Home of joy and accomplishment and completion. Are you ready for it? Do you know the One who has the keys of life and of death? Do you know Christ as your Saviour? If you don't, then it is not your Home, friend. Let the unjust and the filthy and the wicked stay that way, the Bible says. Let him that is holy be holy still. Which are you? What have you done with Christ? What about your future? Is it secure in Him, or is it only a hope and a wish and a theory? If this morning you will trust Him, then trust Him now as we pray together.

— THE END —

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Noteworthy NEWS Notes

Truett's Widow Dies

Mrs. George W. Truett, confined to her home in Dallas for several years because of ill health, went to be with Christ and her late husband on April 28, 1956. She was 84 years old.

Her husband was the famous pastor of Dallas' First Baptist Church for nearly half a century. Dr. Truett was also known for his wide evangelistic ministry and many know him today through the many volumes of his sermons which have been published since his death.

Railroad Men's Christian Conference

Evangelist Joseph T. Larson, Associate Editor and Field Evangelist for the Railroad Evangelistic Association, Inc., sends the following note for railroad men and ex-railroad men.

"Our next Annual Conference will be at Fargo, North Dakota, July 17-20, 1956. It will be in Oak Grove Lutheran Academy. All railroad men, Christian or unsaved would be welcome to these four days of Conference. Why not plan to come, all you railroad men? Room and meals \$3.00 per day per person. Make reservations to Mr. J. W. Nye, 1103 South 13th Street, Moorhead, Minnesota.

"Write for sample copy, *Railroad Evangelist*, 2250 North Pennsylvania, Indianapolis, Indiana, Herman R. Rose, Editor."

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(Continued top next column)

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